To ſee vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſick with-all,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Enter Therſites.

Therſi. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Therſi. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himſelfe. *Achil.* How ſo?

Therſi. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Therſi. Why a ſtalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſtiſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who ſhould ſay there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and ſo there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhow without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt himſelfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I ſayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fiſh languageleſſe, a monſter, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador *Therſites*.

Therſi. Who I: why heele anſwer no body: hee profeſſes not anſwering, ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his preſence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You ſhall ſee the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe-conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patr.

Patro. *Ioue* bleſſe great *Aiax*. *Therſ.* Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Therſ. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to (his tent.

Therſ. Hum?

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Therſ. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord. *Therſ.* Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Therſ. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Therſ. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howſoeuer he ſhall pay for me ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your anſwer ſir.

Therſ. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Therſ. No: but out of tune thus. What muſick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am ſure none, vnleſſe the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinnews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a letter to him ſtraight.

Therſ. Let mee beare another to his horſe, for thats the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine ſtird,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Therſ. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it, I had rather be a tick in a ſheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antemor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bedmate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.

Witneſs